

OH MY

OH DEAR

OH TIGE LOOK, I URSET IT

## COMIC SECTION OF THE The Topeka State Journal.





ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS. TIGE GLITTERS AND HE IS N'T GOLD. HE'S BETTER THAN GOLD. GOLD DOES N'T LOVE YOU. IF YOU WERE LEFT ALONE ON A DESERT ISLAND OF SOLID, REFINED GOLD YOU WOULD STARVE FOR FOOD & DIE OF THIRST. YOU CANT EAT GOLD NOR SLEEP ON IT NOR USE IT FOR FUEL. WE HAVE MADE THIS ARTIFICIAL VALUE ON GOLD BECAUSE IT IS SO VERY BEAUTIFUL. BESIDES WE MUST HAVE SOMETHING TO WORSHIP. WE DON'T SEEM TO UNDERSTAND THAT HEAVEN IS WITHIN US. THAT THE PEACE THAT PASSETH ALL UNDERSTANDING IS AGOOD, CLEAR DONSCIENCE. WE CAN'T BUY THAT WITH GOLD. TWE CAN'T BUY HEALTH NOR SUNSHINE NOR AND THING THAT IS REALLY WORTH A-COLD IS MATERIAL—BUT HEAVEN AND LOVE WANT WITH THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY, WE WILL BE TIRED ENOUGH OF OUR CARCASSES BY THE TIME WE LEAVE THEM GOOD HIGHT AND GOOD BYE